

A COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.
The Battle
OF THE
Boyn,

2. The Virgin's Choice.
3. Let Ambition fire thy
Mind.

Printed in the year 1786.

1578/685.

A COLLECTION

SONGS.

The Battle

OF THE

Boys

of the Virgin's Choice.
Glorious and true the
Mighty

Printed in the year 1786



BATTLE of the BOYN.

JULY the first in Old Bridgetown,
 There ought to be a pattern,
 As is recorded in each church book
 Throughout all the nation,
 Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 Both now and ever after,
 And let us ne'er forget the day
 King William cross'd over the water.

On July the first in Old Bridgetown,
 There was a grievous battle,
 Where many men lay on the ground,
 While cannon they did rattle :
 The Irish then they vow'd revenge
 Against king William's forces,
 And solemnly they did protest,
 That they would stop his courses.

In Old Bridgetown strong guards were kept,
 And more at the Boyne water,
 King James began five days too soon,
 With drums and cannons rattling :
 He pitch'd his camp, secur'd his ground,
 Thinking not to retire,
 But king William threw his bomb alls in,
 And set their tents on fire.

A bullet from the Irish came,
 Which graz'd king William's arm;
 They thought his majesty was slain,
 But he receiv'd no harm.
 His general in friendship came,
 His king wou'd often caution;
 To shun the spot where bullets hot,
 Did fly in rapid motion.

He don't deserve, king William said,
 The name of Faith's Defender,
 That will not venture life and limb,
 To make his foes surrender.
 Now let us all kneel down and pray,
 Both now and ever after,
 And let us never forget the day,
 King William cross'd o'er Boyn water.

Then said king William to his men,
 Brave boys we are well armed,
 And if you'll all courageous be,
 We'll venture and take the water:
 The horse were order'd to march on first,
 And the foot did soon follow after,
 But brave duke Schomberg lost his life,
 By venturing over the water.

Be not dismay'd, king William said,
 For the loss of one commander,
 For God this day shall be your king,
 And I'll be gen'ral under.

The brave duke Schomberg being slain,
 King William he accosted
 His warlike men for to march on,
 And he would march the foremost.

In princely mien the king march'd on,
 His men soon follow'd after,
 With shells and shot the Irish smote,
 And made a grievous slaughter;
 King James espied the English then;
 King William him alarmed,
 He thought it better for to retreat
 Than stand and be disarmed.

The Protestants of Drogheda
 Have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 Although they're but a handful:
 First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 And try'd at Mill Mount after,
 But brave king William set them free,
 By venturing over the water.

Nigh to Dundalk the subtil French
 Had taken up their quarters,
 And on the plain in ambush lay,
 Awaiting for fresh orders;
 But in the dead time of the night,
 They set their tents on fire;
 And long before the break of day,
 To Dublin did retire.

King William as our general
 No marshal e'er was braver,
 With hat in hand his valiant men
 He thank'd for their behaviour ;
 We'll sheath our swords and rest awhile,
 In time we'll follow after ;
 These words king William spoke with a smile,
 That day we cross'd the water.

That pattern day proved too hot,
 For king James and all his army,
 He would rather choose for to retreat,
 Than to stand and be disarmed.
 We'll give our pray'rs both night and day,
 Both now and ever after,
 And let us never forget the day,
 King James ran from the water.

The Virgin's Choice.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 The swains begin to tease me ;
 But two, who claim the foremost place,
 Try different ways to please me.
 To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon decided ;
 When both their merits are exprest,
 I may be less divided.

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Palestine's flocks unnumber'd stray;
He's rich beyond all measure.
Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure.
But there, our years so disagree—
So much as I remember,
It is but May, I'm sure, with me;
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
Let Frost and Snow be sowing?
'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come;
Bring every charm to ruin.
For dress and show to touch my pride,
My little heart was pining;
But there—there's something else beside,
I soon should find was wanting.

Then, Coin, thou my heart shall gain,
For thou would'st never deceive me;
And gray hard wealth shall plead in vain,
For thou hast milt to please me.
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks so young and tender;
Love beats his new and fond alarms.
To thee I now surrender.

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Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks desin'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
Thou on necks of kings shall tread;
Joys incircling, joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not spoils of empire fright;
Toils of empire pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful 'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

THE END.



